

ONE MAN THAT SHOULD KNOW DENIES LOVE IS A DISEASE



Lorin Farr, head of the largest family in the world, bitterly opposes the theories advanced by Dr. A. C. Cotton, dean of Rush Medical College, Chicago, that love is a disease due to a microbe.

Mr. Farr has had six wives, 39 children, 231 grandchildren and 56 great-grandchildren. He has seen his 250 or more descendants married and bearing children, and then, too, his experience as the husband of six wives, and living with all at the same time, makes him an authority on the question of love.

There is no fine spun mysticism or sentimental poetry in the mind of this father of thirty-nine children. His definition of love was unmistakably plain.

"Love!" he said, without hesitation.

"Love is the natural affection between man and woman that has its foundation in the desire to perpetuate the race. That's love, but oh, how many there are to-day who marry with different thoughts in their minds."

For a few minutes the old man seemed lost in reveries of years long gone.

"Did I tell you that I agree with Roosevelt's views on the marriage question?" he asked. "His thoughts meet mine exactly."

"Love often comes at first sight," he continued. "With my first wife it did. It is not always, though, that this feeling comes at first sight. But love comes as soon as the man and woman are well acquainted. If they love each other they do not have to keep company for years to find it out."

MISER'S CHART IS MISSING.

Paper Showing Location of Buried Wealth Suddenly Disappears.

The recent settlement and distribution of the estate left by Joseph Conatser, a miser, has again set the people of Whitman (Wash.) county guessing as to what became of a chart showing the location of various places where Conatser had buried his money. Just before death Conatser gave Thos. Keyes, his closest friend, a plat which contained a number of marks, dots and figures, and pointing from the window of his cabin, showed the spot where much money was buried. He asked Keyes to dig it up, and in an old tin can the latter found \$260 in gold coin. Conatser gave Keyes to understand that each spot on the chart marked a place where the coin was concealed.

When it was found necessary to move the old man to a hospital this chart and his other papers were sewed inside of Conatser's vest. After his death all the papers were turned over to the court, with the exception of the chart.

The mystery which surrounds the lost chart may never be explained, and the accumulations of Joseph Conatser, the Sunset miser, may remain buried forever.

Victory Due to Lost Key.

An amusing incident occurred at Cuxhaven during some landing maneuvers which were being carried out by the German fleet.

An adversary's fleet was supposed to be attempting to force the entrance to the Elbe, which was defended by troops on shore. The first attack of the "enemy" had been repulsed during a severe storm. The troops on shore retired to their bivouac, and to protect the rifles from the rain, which was coming down in torrents, they locked them up in a small wooden house.

Suddenly the alarm sounded, but on rushing to get their weapons the key of the house was not to be found. When after considerable delay, the rifles were distributed, it was found that the "enemy" had forced the entrance and thus gained the victory."

—London Mail.

Why He Was Not Surprised.

Glen MacDonough, who wrote the libretto for the comic opera "Babes in Toyland," was sitting in a New York cafe recently with Victor Herbert, the composer, when a waiter approached to take his order. The waiter smiled at Mr. MacDonough and said: "You don't remember me, do you? I used to sing in one of your companies." "I remember you very well," said Mr. MacDonough. "Are you surprised to see me here as a waiter?" asked the other. "Not a bit," replied the librettist cheerfully; "you know, I have heard you sing."

PREACHER TELLS FUNNY STORY.

Dr. Parkhurst Narrates Anecdote of a Converted Savage.

Dr. Parkhurst delivered himself of a story in the course of his sermon in the Madison Square Presbyterian church at New York on a recent Sunday. This is the story:

"An African chief became converted and moved to London, where he wore fashionable clothes and behaved in every way as an irreproachable man. One day he was giving a lecture in a church on the advantages of a peaceful, civilized life. His collar did not fit well, and in attempting to adjust it he tore open the buttonhole."

"The ripping shirt band brought back all his old savagery, and he shouted out that civilization was all a sham, and he wished he was back in his old life. Whereupon he pulled off his collar, his coat and trousers and finally stood in the garb of the unadorned savage. Then he set fire to the church and took to the woods."

"If his buttonhole had been a little stronger," added Dr. Parkhurst, "he would probably have remained an irreproachable man the rest of his life. That's the way with much of our civilization and virtue. A very small thing will reveal the real conditions."

Denounced by Dying Woman.

A dramatic scene was enacted in a dingy room of a New York East Side tenement, where an aged woman in her dying moments identified Patrick Shea as the murderer of William McMahon. The crime was committed last May, and was a typical Cherry Hill murder. Shea cseaped and after a long chase was run down in Philadelphia. Mrs. Catherine Brown, who had known Shea from childhood, was the only witness, and she could not go to court, so the court went to her. Propped up by pillows, she told the magistrate that she saw Shea, who stood manacled beside the bed, walk up behind McMahon and deliberately shoot him down. Cross-examination failed to change her statements, and she finished by roundly denouncing Shea.

"Your mother," she exclaimed, shaking her head at him, "was a decent woman. Be off; I never want to see you again."

Wealthy Residents Displeased.

Wealthy persons who own estates in and about the fashionable Tuxedo Park colony, near New York, are not at all pleased at the announcement that a convent of Sisters of the Good Shepherd is likely to be established near the park. Negotiations are practically closed for the sale of a large piece of property adjoining that of E. H. Harriman to a syndicate, which for the present will hold it in trust for the Catholic order named. An old mansion is to be remodeled and turned into a school for girls whom the sisters are trying to reform.

JUDGE DRANK THE EVIDENCE.

It Was a Bottle of Whisky and One of Brandy—He Had Colic.

Justice Leo Jacobs of Wallington, N. J., was vigorously rebuked by Judge Zabriskie at Hackensack this morning.

Some time ago Michel Frisco of Wallington was arraigned before the justice by Chief Marshal Chrystelline on the charge of selling liquor without a license. Frisco was held under bail for a trial, and the evidence, a bottle of whisky and a bottle of brandy, was turned over to the justice.

With a number of other cases of the same sort the Frisco case came up to-day. When the court asked Chrystelline on what he based the complaint, Chrystelline said that he had turned the evidence over to Justice Jacobs.

The latter was not in court and an officer was hastily sent for him. When Judge Zabriskie asked the justice for the evidence Jacobs at first replied that he did not know what had become of it.

Later he admitted that he had suffered from colic the same night and had taken the whisky and brandy.—New York Tribune.

Thieves Were Careless.

The following notice was printed recently in a Maine paper: "If the gentleman who stole plums and pears from my orchard last Thursday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, hadn't been so careless and dropped one every few rods, I shouldn't have been able to have traced them home the next morning. They should be a little more careful about their footprints in the soft ground, as I am a pretty good trailer."

Rat Tower on Rhine.



This is the castle at Bingen on the Rhine where, according to Southey, the wicked Bishop Hott was stormed by the souls of the poor he had tortured, which had taken on the likeness of rats.

A Notorious Criminal.

In Sweden there is a man named Loefdahl who is said to be in one respect the most notorious criminal on record. He has been charged with no less than 1,807 different crimes. He began his career as a forger and did not stop until he had forged 1,800 documents. Then he decided to make money by setting houses on fire and he had burned seven dwellings before he was caught. Most of the documents which he forged were receipts for salaries of railroad employees, and for every house which he burned he obtained the full value from an insurance company.

It is estimated that if the full penalty of the law were to be imposed for each offense Loefdahl would have to spend several centuries in prison.

The World Is Small.

At a popular European watering place a lonely New Yorker one day this summer placed this notice in a conspicuous place: "Wanted, some one to play bridge with," and an address. He had three replies, and when the party sat down it was found that although no one knew another, three of the party came from the same election district in New York city.

Hard on Russian Lovers.

Kisses are actionable in southern Russia. A kiss in the street car costs the indiscreet osculator a fine of \$3. To embrace one's fiancée in public is a privilege valued at \$2.40. A declaration of a "great passion" by postal card is subject to a fine of \$2.43.

Met Those He Made Happy.

A novel reunion was that at Geneva, O., Labor day, when Rev. H. A. N. Richards, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church in Unionville, gave a party to which he invited all the people he had united in marriage. About twenty couples responded.

Topsy Turvy.



Turn the picture upside down.

Where Violins Are Made.

The great violin neighborhood is Markneukirchen, Saxony. In that town and vicinity there are about 15,000 people engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins.

Animals Need Company.

Oxen and sheep fatten better in company than when kept alone.

YOUNG GIRL'S HEROIC WORK IN FEVER-STRICKEN TOWN



Senorita Manuela Hernandez Flores, 18 years old, is the heroine of the people of Linares, Mexico, where for several weeks she has been acting as mayor and as angel to the fever-stricken inhabitants. Senorita Flores is Mayor Gomez's secretary. When the mayor was stricken with yellow fever she placed herself at his desk and took upon her shoulders the administration of the city government. She began at once to clean up the town, enforce sanitary regulations and iso-

late the sick, issuing orders right and left without consulting the mayor. Time not spent in the city hall she used in visiting the sick. When the mayor became well enough the other day to look after the affairs of the city he found his young secretary had done so well that he decided to let her continue in the office for a time while he gives all his time to a scheme for the improvement of the city's sanitation. Hundreds have fled from the city since the fever epidemic began.

CANADIANS WANT NORTH POLE.

Would Offset Recent Loss of Territory in Alaska.

It is probable that the Canadian Parliament before the close of its present session will vote an appropriation sufficient to insure the speedy organization and dispatch of a Canadian expedition in search of the North Pole.

Since Canada claims all territory north, it is held by public men here that it would be most appropriate for the honor of discovering the pole to fall to a Canadian. It is thought, also, that rich mineral tracts may be found in the polar regions, like those discovered in Alaska and Siberia.

The Canadian Minister of Marine says the original scheme of this expedition contemplated a grant to Capt. Bernier, a French Canadian navigator, who will have command of \$125,000 to help equip his vessel for the voyage. Recently, however, a strong delegation, in which were many senators and members of parliament, waited upon the minister and urged that the government build or buy a suitable vessel for the enterprise.

"We have immense territory in the direction of the pole," said the minister, "and if by risking \$50,000 in furnishing a vessel we could do something to exploit it I believe the country would approve."

Boy Turning to Stone.

James Wells, nineteen years old, who resides near Gorham, N. Y., began about two months ago to experience a numbness in his lower limbs. This numbness is now extending over his entire body. The joints of the feet and legs are beginning to ossify and the muscles are showing every indication of beginning to undergo the same process. This slow but deadly pathological change is extending all over the anatomy of Wells and the doctors who have examined him fear a horrible end for the young man.

It is a case that is puzzling the medical fraternity. Wells experiences no physical pain, but the foreseen effect of the ossifying process is beginning to affect him mentally.

The young man has always led an outdoor life, and up to the time of his strange affliction was in the best of health.

Saw the Governor Eat.

Gov. Van Sant and Judge Jamison of Minnesota, visited the state fair grounds at Minneapolis about noon and went into a restaurant for a lunch. They were recognized, of course, and shown all possible attention, but just as they were about to begin eating both were surprised as well as amused to hear the Barker outside the tent shout as he swung his bell back and forth vigorously: "Step right this way to get your nice warm lunch. Only chance you will have to see the governor of Minnesota eat. Come right in and watch him feed." And it wasn't long before the place was crowded, while the blushing governor and his modest private secretary had to grin and bear it.—Chicago Chronicle.

TOMBSTONE WRONG 125 YEARS.

Was Not Placed Over Bodies of Victims of Wyoming Massacre.

A workman digging a pole hole recently discovered a mistake the frightened settlers of the Wyoming valley made in 1778, when, after the massacre, they returned to the valley and erected a gravestone over the spot where the two settlers first killed by the Tories and Indians under Butler were buried. It was found that the gravestone which marked the spot was some distance from where the bodies were buried.

These men, Benjamin and Stukley Harding, had gone to work in the fields above Wyoming in what is now Exeter borough. They were attacked and killed by the Indians on June 30, 1778. The next day a party of men from Fort Wyoming buried the bodies.

The following day the massacre occurred, and it was some weeks afterward when the survivors, returning to the valley, erected a gravestone over where they believed the bodies to be buried. On it was the inscription, which can be deciphered to this day, "Sweet be the sleep of those who preferred death to slavery." In time other graves were dug about this headstone and a fence was erected.

A lineman digging in the road near the fence for a pole found several bones and two skulls. These lay parallel with the headstone, and have been identified as the remains of the Hardings. The bones will now after 125 years, be placed under the headstone.

Treating Burns.

Cold water with ice in it is the thing to use when an accidental burn from acids or alkalis is encountered. Nitric acid gets split at times, or even vitriol may. A limb burned with acids must be plunged in cold water and kept there, so that the water may dilute the traces of the acid in the skin as much as possible. When acid burning causes injury the water should be rendered alkaline by adding soda to counteract the acid.

Gen Miles an Oil Magnate.

Official announcement is made in New Orleans that all the vast Hogg-Swayne interests in Louisiana and Texas, together with those controlled by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, are to be combined in one. Thereby the general will become an oil magnate. Since his retirement from the army Gen. Miles has always been personal, social and political friends. Mr. Sheldon is a member of the banking firm of William C. Sheldon & Co.

New Republican Committeeman.

George R. Sheldon, the new Republican national committeeman from New York to succeed the late Frederick T. Gibbs, was born in Brooklyn forty-six years ago and graduated from Harvard in 1879, a year before Theodore Roosevelt. He and the president have always been personal, social and political friends. Mr. Sheldon is a member of the banking firm of William C. Sheldon & Co.

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